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A RESULT OF THE SYSTEM.

THE BIG INSURANCE COMPANIES, BY CARELESSNESS IN THEIR SELECTION OF AGENTS, ADJUSTERS AND RISKS, PLACE A PREMIUM ON CRIME.



THE SUBURBAN AUTUMN.



HE garden rubbish and the leaves that litter up the place
Must be disposed of somehow, for they're really a disgrace;
And so, when Autumn's well along, and grass and plants are dead,
Our neighbor goes to cleaning up, and that is what we dread.

We have our rubbish carted off — I really don't know where —
But Neighbor Brown allows he has no dollar-bill to spare;
He and his man go at the stuff with shovels, brooms and rakes,
And then he has a bonfire, and a dreadful smudge it makes.

He builds it in his yard, behind our barn, and then, of course,
The smoke and blaze are sure to frighten Billy — that's our horse.
The wind blows steadily our way, and all the sparks that fly
Head for our roof, which worries us — our shingles are so dry.

Of course, our Willy likes the fire; he helps to feed it, too;
And when he comes to supper, both his shoes are quite burned through;
His eyes are smarting, and his face appears in sooty streaks
Where he has rubbed the tears he shed across his blackened cheeks.

The cat contrives to get its share of all the smudge and smoke,
Then, when the baby plays with it, it makes him cough and choke.
In every room from garret down, the horrid smudge we smell;
We taste it in the muffins, and we drink it from the well.

I'd like to be the weather clerk the day Brown has his fire;
I'd order up a shifty wind, of which I think he'd tire;
He'd get it started toward our house; but once 't was burning, say!
You bet the smudge and smoke and sparks for once would go his way.

Frank Roe Batchelder.



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AFTER THE WAKE.

O'ROURKE.—Were ye hurted much by dher crack Flannigan give ye wid his shtick?

MENALLY (*proudly*).—It takes a betther man than Denny Flannigan to hurt me;— Oi wor only shtunned!

THE INFANT WONDER.

NEWPOP (*proudly*).—I'll tell you what! That kid of mine is going to be a politician when he grows up!

KURDLER.—Why so?

NEWPOP.—Well, while I was reading about the late election to my wife this morning, he said, right out plain: "Goo Goo! Garoo! Goo Goo!"

UNREAL REALISM.

STAPLETON.—So you went to see the pugilist-actor last night? Can he act at all?

CALDECOTT.—Oh, yes; he was pretty good—that is, in everything except the fighting part; he was n't a bit natural in that.

STAPLETON.—How so?

CALDECOTT.—Why, he just went right for the other fellow without any fooling, and knocked him all around the stage.

THE PRIZE PUMPKIN.

Now homeward from the county fair
The happy farmer hies,
His exhibits made the people stare,
And he's borne away the prize.

No pumpkin yet, the neighbor's swear,
E'er grew to such a size —
Enough to make, they all declare,
A thousand pumpkin pies!
From it, also, they will prepare,
For years, big pumpkin lies,
And he, its raiser, still will bear
A fame that never dies.



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HER EFFORT TO BE AGREEABLE.

CLERGYMAN.—Some people think I preach long sermons. Do you think so?

SHE.—Oh, no! They only seem long.



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HER WAY.

VON BLUMER (*looking at his wife's check-book*).—You don't mean to say you have given out a check for one hundred dollars? Why, you've only got fifty dollars in the bank to meet it!
 HIS WIFE.—That's all right, dear! If the cashier says anything about it, I'll tell him to charge it.

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that we have secured as an assistant young Mr. Clarence Hornbeak, who has in the past acted as our regular correspondent at Rocket City, and at the same time contributed some brilliant

sensational news items to several of the Kansas City and St. Louis dailies. He is the author of the sensation that was so widely copied in the Eastern papers, which was to the effect that, shortly after the return of John Soeysmith, a penitent prodigal, a violent thunder-storm arose and lightning killed a calf on the farm where John's parents reside, hit the family Bible, opened it at the Fifteenth chapter of Luke, and marked the twenty-third verse, which reads as follows: "And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry." Mr. Hornbeak will make a specialty of acting as society, snake and pickle-dish editor of this paper, and all social, sensational and zoölogical matters of interest will be handled by him in his usual brilliant and masterly style.



HIS RIVAL.

She was happy in the love of him
 She married for his pelf;
 Though she adored another —
 That other was herself.

THE GREATEST trouble about blessings in disguise is their dilatoriness about discovering themselves.



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NEW RESOLUTIONS.

MINISTER.—Well, my man, I hope you have been making new good resolutions to be acted upon when you regain your liberty.
 CONVICT.—I intend ter learn ter ride a bicycle der first t'ing I does.
 MINISTER.—A truly laudable desire for a manly exercise.
 CONVICT (*meditatively*).—Yes,—ef I 'd ha' only knowed how to ride, I could have got away on de blame' wheel I got sent here fer pinchin'.

A WAY OF THE PRINCESS OSRA.

BEING A ZENDA STORY UP-TO-DATE.

By Anthony Hope (not).

CHAPTER I.

THE WRATH OF THE KING.



IT WAS Summer in Strelsau. Few were abroad in the sunny streets. Perchance a pigeon fluttered lazily down into a court, or a distant foot-fall sounded through some dim old archway. But, for the most part, all Strelsau seemed asleep, and the climbing vines by the open windows hid all signs of life within. Even the shop of Solomon, the Jew, was closed; for Solomon, after the manner of his people, had taken his family and gone down to the seashore; and, save for the "tap!" "tap!" from the cobbler's across the way, and the answering "clink!" "clink!" from the house of Stephen, the smith, the town was hushed in quiet.

Not so at the palace. Here doors clanged and voices rang out in anger; the whole castle was astir. The guards at the gates, loitering in the shade, shrugged their shoulders, saying: "The old lion is roused again."

And the old lion was roused; there was no denying that. Never had son or subject seen old King Henry in such a rage. "Don't tell me!" he roared; "don't tell me! I won't have it! Do you hear? I won't have it!"

Prince Rudolph leaned back in the window seat, carelessly toying with the little bunch of whiskers on his chin and gazing quizzically at his sister, the Princess Osra, at whom, evidently, the King's tirade was directed.

As for the old lion, he still kept up making a beastly show of himself.

"The idea!" he roared; "is n't it enough that you demean yourself mixing with the common herd? With your endorsements of toilet soaps and tooth powders and your picture in cigarette packages! But this, this is too much!" And old King Henry, the lion, pointed at a shapeless garment on the floor before him and roared again.

The Princess Osra raised her head defiantly. "I don't care, Pa," she said; "all the girls are wearing them nowadays."

The old lion snorted: "Bloomers? Bah! Don't you know that the Queen of Spain once said, 'Royalty is not supposed to have legs, eh?'"

The Princess Osra tossed her head again. "May be they're not supposed to have them; but, even if I am a princess—"

Here the flower of the house of Elphberg stopped in pretty confusion.

Old King Henry regarded her grimly. "Well," he said; "you may be stuck on your shape, but you can bet your boodle at a ratio of 16 to 1 that our royal foot is down on this Coming Woman racket!" And calling for his valet he had him take up the offending bifurcators and throw them in the moat.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT CAME OF THE PRINCESS'S VENTURE.

Night had settled down on castle and town, the good burghers had all retired, and, save for the brilliant harvest moon, there was no light in all Strelsau except for the stray gleam that found its way through the barred window of Stephen, the smith.

In his workshop, the smith, despite the lateness of the hour, still worked at his forge, a boyish figure in the dress of one of the king's pages watching him eagerly. But old King Henry would have been surprised to see the face of that page beneath the feathered cap; for the face was the face of the Princess Osra, and her golden hair was hanging down her back.

"Have you taken the brake off, Stephen?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady," said the smith, respectfully; "I stripped the machine as you ordered, though I marveled much."

"Well, Stephen, it's this way," said the princess, with some hesitancy: "there's no living with Pa since he took the Keeley cure. He made a holy show of himself again to-day, and all about my bloomers. Forbid me to ride a



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F. Oppen

AND THEN THERE WAS TROUBLE.

MRS. O'HOULIHAN (making a call on her way to market).—Sure, at my darther Julia's weddin' dther wor eight pieces of music!

MRS. FOGARTY (dryly).—Yis; all accordeans!

wheel at all if I wore them; and here my wheel is a high-frame road racer—"

"And the best wheel made!" said Stephen, the smith, enthusiastically; for Stephen was the sole agent in Strelsau for this make.

"And so," continued the princess, "I slipped on this rig, resolved to have one more run, anyway. So, what do you say to a spin out to my brother's castle at Zenda?"

"Why, that's fifty miles!—" But here the smith stopped short; for what can one do when a princess makes a wish?

And not long after this, two figures were whirring swiftly through the streets of Strelsau.

"There's no fear of our being stopped by the guard, my lady," said Stephen, the smith; "for even these abominable streets can't jolt out our patent Firefly lamps—the best on the market." He was agent for these, also.



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ELIMINATING A GREAT EXPENSE.

ROBBINS (dining at Dobbins's Club).—Now, I belong to four clubs, and in not one of them is a member allowed to tip the waiter.

DOBBINS.—Well, well, well! I always wondered how you could afford to belong to so many clubs!

It was nearly dawn when they returned; Stephen, the smith, was worn out and tired and was fain to stop at his house down in the town; but the Princess Osra was fresh as a daisy as she rode up to the palace gate after leaving him. The warder grumbled at being roused from his slumber, although the page had the pass-word right enough. "By my faith," he said, "it is an evil day for Strelsau when the bike craze strikes it so hard that jackanape pages ride all night to the devil when they should be abed." But the Princess Osra drew past him, saying nothing; and there, where the last flambeau gleamed, she stopped the trundling of her wheel and gazed earnestly at her cyclometer. "Well," she cried, triumphantly, "it's a hundred miles, just! Pa may be sore on bloomers, but these knickerbockers beat them; and, princess or no princess, after to-night's run, I'm an end of the century maid, and don't you forget it!"

Roy L. McCardell.



INCORRECTLY EXPRESSED.

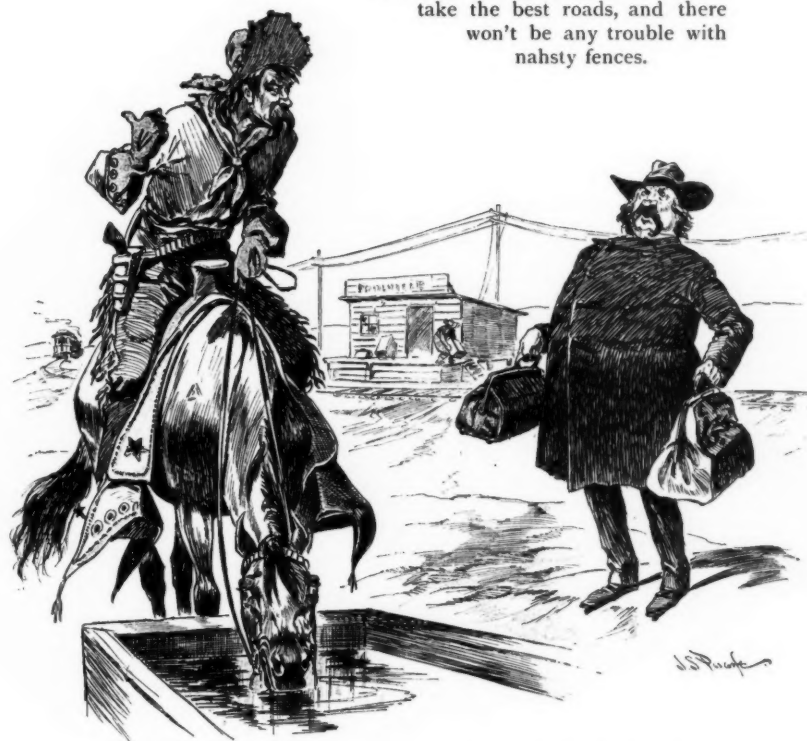
HARDY UPTON (*trying on a new suit*).—Ah, Isaacs! this suit looks very creditable, very creditable, indeed!

ISAACS (*the tailor, excitedly*).—S' hellup me gracious! Dot suit vas noddings ov der kind! Dere is no gredit apout him. Dot suit nefter leafs der store except fer spot gash!

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

ALGY.—What is this I heah about using bicycles instead of horses at the hunt?

CHOLLY.—Gweat impwovement — deah boy — gweat impwovement! The man with the anise-seed bag will take the best roads, and there won't be any trouble with nahsty fences.



A BAD WAY.

"Is Bilious Pete here yet?" inquired a prominent citizen of Oklahoma who had just returned from a trip to Arizona; "when I left he was sayin' that he wanted to git out of this town the worst way."

"Wal, he did," answered the man addressed; "the boys whirled in an' lynched him about a week after you left."

A YOUTHFUL STOIC.

WILLY SLIMSON.—That cocoanut cake looks nice.
MRS. WITHERBY.—Yes; it does. Shall I help you to a piece, Willy?

WILLY (*wistfully*).—No 'm; I guess not. One piece would only be an aggravation.

ONTO HER CURVES.

Sing ho! the merry wanton wind
That Bess turns to escape!
Why blame the flirt? her very skirt
Is stuck upon her shape!

WHAT SHE DID NOT DENY.

SHE (*on the Honeymoon R. R.*).—I suppose, George, it must have cost a lot of money to build a railroad like this.

HE.—Oh, yes! The tunnels alone cost a million or so—but they're worth every cent of it.

THE RECEIVER is as bad as the thief; but he generally enjoys the personal friendship of the court.



ADVICE.

THE BRIDE.—I am trying to induce George —
HER MOTHER.—Trying to induce him? My dear, you must not begin that way!

TRUE COURTESY.

BINGO.—We have the most good-natured minister you ever saw.
WITHERBY.—What has he done to make you think so?
BINGO.—I met him after church the other day, and he wanted to know if I had rested well.

SO SHOULD WE.

MACSIZZLE.—These are the days of invention. I see the latest thing now is a horseless carriage.
VANSOCK (*feelingly*).—What I should like to see invented would be a hackdriverless hack.

IT is usually a hard job to get a soft one.

EVA.—Did May receive much attention at the seashore?

JACK.—I imagine so. I heard some of the other girls call her "designing."

A DANGEROUS SUBJECT.

SHE.—I do not remember ever hearing Dr. Courtly preach on the higher criticism.

HE.—Oh, no! The congregation is hopelessly divided on that subject.

NOT ABOVE THE COMMON LEVEL.

BRIGGS.—What sort of a fellow is Sandstone?

GRIGGS.—Well, he is the kind of a man who thinks his wheel is better than any other.

BRIGGS.—I see! Just an average man.

KNOWLEDGE IS power, but the unnecessary display of it is weakness.



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PERIL.

UNCLE JOSH.—That sign in the street where it says "Danger!"—is that on account of that big safe they're hoistin' up?

NEPHEW.—Oh, no!—that 's to warn you to look out not to stumble over the sign.

LOVE AND WAR.

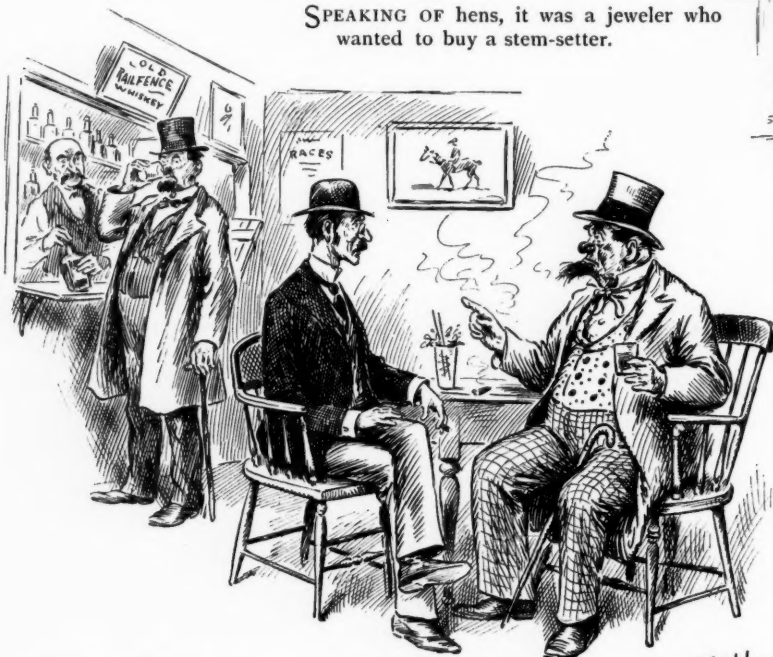
WISH I were a soldier brave!" "The dearest soldier you to me!"
She cried, with flashing eye; He cried; "O Maiden Arch!"
"Instead of being 'Fashion's slave,' If you my comrade would but be
For Glory would I die." Upon the 'Wedding March!'"

And now, no longer War doth reign;
Behold her sweet submission!
They march together Life's campaign,
With love for ammunition!

George Hyde.

ONE REASON for the statement that the good die young may be found in the fact that no one knows how bad they would have been had they grown up.

SPEAKING OF hens, it was a jeweler who wanted to buy a stem-setter.



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FELT IN THEIR MIDST.

COL. BOOZEY (of Louisville).—Terrible drouth we had this Fall, sah, was n't it? No rain fo' weeks and weeks!

MR. GOTHAM (smilingly).—Why, I did n't think you Kentuckians would bother about such a little thing as that!

COL. BOOZEY (excitedly).—Bother, sah! Bother! Why, sah, half the distilleries in the Blue Grass District were fo'ced to close down. sah!



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NOT THAT KIND.

SHE.—You know you would be just as happy if you did n't kiss me.

HE.—But do you suppose I am selfish enough to think only of myself?

QUESTION.

CADDINGTON (boastfully).—Yes, sir; I come from people! Why, my grandfather was a celebrity in old New York—they called him "Gentleman Joe."

FULLJAMES.—Indeed! What was he, a burglar or a boxer?

NOT A TOTAL LOSS.

TOWNE.—I hear you had a fire out at your house at Lonesomehurst. Did it do much damage?

SUBBUBS.—No, not much; we had it out before the local fire company got there.

THE ONE GOES WITH THE OTHER.

THE FIRST WOMAN.—With a husband very much alive in California, don't you think it a case of false pretenses in that rather gay Mrs. Swiftleigh wearing weeds?

THE SECOND WOMAN.—Why, no! She's a grass widow, you know.

THE BOTANIST is a man who knows all about flowers; and the florist is a party who knows how much the young man will pay to get them for his best girl.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE AGENT OF CRIME.

WHEN WE read of such unqualifiable horrors as the Holmes murders, and the recent arson cases in New York, the monstrosity, the superhuman wickedness, the bewildering extravagance of cruelty, take hold of us so strongly that we can think of nothing else but the crime itself. This has the fascination of horror: it shocks, disgusts, offends; but it holds our attention fixed in spite of ourselves. It is impossible to turn our eyes away from the ghastly nightmare picture of the professional fire-setter and his patrons, huddled together in the back room of a shabby tenement-house shop, haggling over the sordid details of their unspeakable bargain. We can see the low, ignorant, shrewd faces drawn close about the dim light; we can hear the low, insinuating voice of the tempter as he tells of the profits of his terrible trade; of poor shop-keepers made rich in a night by a single burst of oil-fed flame. He stirs up a spirit of rivalry and envy; he shows how easily and simply the job may be done, with no danger of miscarriage or detection — nay, even without a smirch upon the hands of the beneficiary. The risk, the labor, shall all be the tempter's. Give him but fifty dollars, and all is done. They have but to go to the theatre — he furnishes the tickets — and leave the shop locked up. The rest is his charge; he will bring the materials — the oil, the fuse, the candle, the bladder, fixed to explode above a slowly burning light. And when the merry evening at the theatre is over, the shop-keeper can come back to find his place wrecked so completely that all he has to do is to wring his hands over it, and collect the insurance on it. And if the fire has swept through the whole tenement house, leaving death and cruel injury behind it, — why, it is only so much more cheap brick, cheap mortar, and cheaper humanity, piled up to hide the last trace of the crime.

But in looking at this interesting and picturesque side of these extraordinary cases, we are too apt to overlook the less sensational but no less important conditions that make them possible. When once we have been convinced by evidence, we have to accept as a fact the seemingly incredible cruelty and rapacity of the fire-bug, and the almost insane callousness of the insurance murderer. We recognize them entirely as creatures outside of the normal scope and sphere of humanity. It is easy to understand how they make accomplices of the ignorant and feeble-minded creatures whom they select for their prey. Their crimes against the law are clear and comprehensible. But when we come to consider their frauds upon the insurance companies, we find ourselves at a loss; and we are strongly inclined to believe that the insurance companies' concerns would be even more at a loss to explain their share in the matter. How is it that a poor shop-keeper, in a tenement house district, too insignificant to get a commercial rating, carrying on his business almost from hand to mouth, and dealing only in the cheapest of goods, in a building which is a bad risk, at the best — how can he get a policy of four or five or six hundred dollars on his stock and outfit? He could not pretend to get that credit anywhere in the world. How can a rum-sodden drunkard and general good-for-nothing, get an insurance on his life that a well-to-do, healthy, respectable citizen would find it hard to obtain? Is it not time that the insurance companies, supposed to do business under the law, answer these questions, and a number of others like them?

THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.

WE DO not charge the insurance companies with anything more than a reckless laxity in the management of certain lines of their business, in which they are not kept up to the mark by public observation and criticism. But, between competition and the somewhat uncertain prosperity that comes of that particular kind of competition, many of them have been led to extend their business beyond the bounds wherein they can give it adequate supervision. As soon as they do this, they lay themselves open to the tricks of such people as Holmes and the New York fire-bug gang. These criminals would be absolutely powerless for evil if the risks which they and their partners in crime seek to cover were carefully and conscientiously inspected by honest men. To be sure, even to state the case thus mildly is to bring the ultimate responsibility straight home to the very doors of the insurance companies. There it must certainly lie, so long as they can neither explain nor excuse the taking of such hazards as these trials have brought to light. There is evidence enough, moreover, that this tendency to gamble in wild-cat risks, spreads throughout our whole insurance system so widely that it is impossible to believe that such negli-

gence could long exist unchecked, unless it were backed up by some form of fraud; and whether that fraud be practiced upon the company by its agents, or directly (as well as finally) upon the stockholders or the policyholders, it is time for the authorities to find it out before many more such scandals come up to discredit one of the world's noblest and most beneficial institutions.

THE TRIUMPH OF PERSONAL LIBERTY.

AS THE Hon. Thomas Collier Platt read the election returns for New York City on the evening of November 5th, he must have smiled a quiet but exceedingly grim and sardonic smile, for his peculiar brand of statesmanship was being vindicated with unmistakable certainty. Mr. Platt would have had the Republican platform silent as to Sunday beer and personal liberty in general. If he had had his way, his campaign orators could have told the people that the Republican party stood as ready as any party to work for their personal liberty, and thousands of voters would have believed them. But Mr. Platt did not have his way. At the instigation of Mr. Warner Miller, a bigot from Herkimer County, a plank was nailed to the Republican platform declaring that the Republican party stood for "the maintenance of the Sunday laws in the interests of Labor and Morality." Labor and Morality are both high-sounding words, and the two combined make an inspiring battle-cry, but it foredoomed the Republican ticket in New York City and county to defeat; for, had it included a catalogue of all the virtues known to man, the people would have detected the real intent of that platform. It meant that the Republican party would restrain them from enjoying the natural, God-given rights of sane human beings. It meant that the law should keep them from buying a glass of beer on Sunday. It meant that the ice-man who sold ice to the sweltering wretches in a Hester street tenement house on Sunday would be jailed. It meant that the householder who wanted to buy his Sunday supper freshly cooked, in order to give his servants rest on Sunday, would have to connive with a delicatessen merchant to break the law. It meant the continued repetition of an outrage that stained the records of this city only a few Sundays ago: the arrest and imprisonment of a man who sold umbrellas in a rain storm. It meant, in short, that the people were to be denied privileges so obviously theirs that men have fought for them in all ages. It meant that a fanatic from the country was going to govern a great city — not only govern it, but govern it according to the notions of an older epoch when men were put in the stocks for whistling on the Sabbath. The people of New York have shown once more that they know their natural rights and intend to have them at any cost, — even to putting their city again in the hands of the thugs, rascals and blackmailers of Tammany Hall. They like honest government but they must first have their legitimate freedom. They did not vote for Tammany candidates because they approved of Tammany methods; but because they insist upon the right to buy what they please for their backs or their stomachs, just when they will.



A CONFERENCE.

MR. PERSENTSKI.—Vell, if she preaks dot grockery any more, deduct it from her vages.

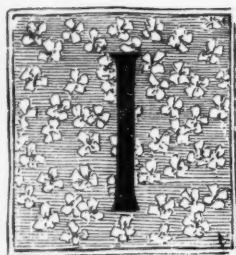
MRS. PERSENTSKI.—Should I scharge a brofit on it?



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THE PEOPLE VS. DAMPER.



IT WAS in 1893, I believe, that I happened to be in the Court of Public Offenses when the case of the People vs. Mrs. Damper was tried. As she was the first to offend against the new statute, her case will always be a memorable one.

She was certainly not vicious in appearance. Her mouth was somewhat abnormally developed, and her eyes were weak and watery; but, generally speaking, her expression was sweet — perhaps sickishly sweet.

There was no doubt of her guilt. Besides the nurse, there were, fortunately, two reputable citizens who witnessed the offense. In fact, the prisoner did not deny it; she pleaded only that she "did n't know it was any harm." And the baby was such "a pitty 'ittle sing," that she could n't well resist the temptation.

As may be imagined, this idiotic plea made no impression upon the Court. In fact, the Judge intimated that it was no more than an attempt to urge idiocy or insanity as a defence — "which," he reminded the jury, "went out early in the century!"

"Stand up, Damper," said His Honor, putting on his black cap.

Mrs. Damper was assisted to her feet, and tried again to murmur that she "did not think it was any harm."

"Damper," said the Judge, "you have had a fair trial before a jury whom I will not insult by calling your peers. There is no doubt of the facts, nor of the law. You have been ably defended, and possibly might have been acquitted if the defense of idiocy was still of avail. But fortunately you have been convicted of forcibly arresting a baby-carriage upon the public street, and unlawfully impressing your unwelcome caresses upon its innocent occupant. You were not a relative, and had not been requested or allowed to act in this inane and disgraceful — say, this criminal manner.

"You will therefore be sent to the Public Hospital, there to serve as helper in the contagious disease department for one year. And, as this is the first case under this humane and rational statute, I hope your fate may serve to deter other maudlin and desperate females from committing the offense of Highway Kissery.

"Officers, remove the prisoner."

As the hardened offender was being conducted from the dock, she passed near to me; and I heard her mutter: "I don't care — I'll kiss every baby I see in the street!"

I learned later, however, that after she had served her time she was completely reformed, and even used her influence to reform others.

ASK A MAN if he has faith in mankind, and he'll say "no." Ask him if he has faith in womankind, and he'll say, "well, I don't know."

WE MAY not all be poor creatures, but we are all creatures, and most of us are poor.

"LOOKING BACKWARD" — The Man Who Reads Hebrew.

FRIENDLY ADVICE has cost many a man a friend.



THE OPENING NIGHT.

EMINENT TRAGEDIAN. — Now, Tikkitstein, I hope you have engaged enough supernumeraries for my body-guard, to fill up the stage, as I asked you to.

MANAGER. — Certainly; — I haf addended to it.



MANAGER (five minutes later). — Vat you dink ohf dot? — undt only gots me fife tollars a night!



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THE SAME THING.

SHE. — Dearest, Papa has spoken to me about your being so much at the house, and he wanted to know when it was going to end.

HE. — Did you tell him we were engaged?

SHE. — I told him this was only the beginning.

A SOUTHERN IDYL.

"Yes —"

The Cracker gallant gazed ardently at the mountain maid in the faded sun-bonnet.

"I love the very ground you walk on!"

"Shucks!" —

Her eyes were downcast.

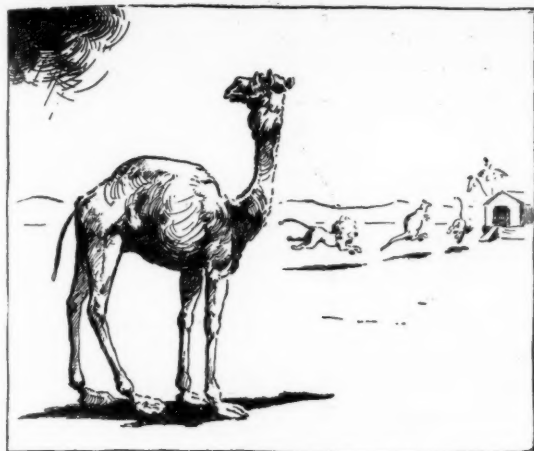
"That hain't nothin'; the clay this far down the gully hain't fit ter eat, nohow!"

But, despite the petulance of her speech, she was almost as pleased as if they had been where she indicated.

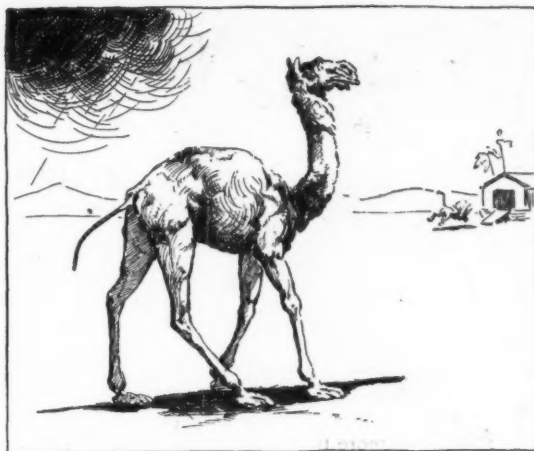
HOPE is the tonic of ambition.

WHEN THE mince-meat days arrive
And the leaves are crisp and dry —
Then the luscious *eau de vie*
Gets a finger in the pie.

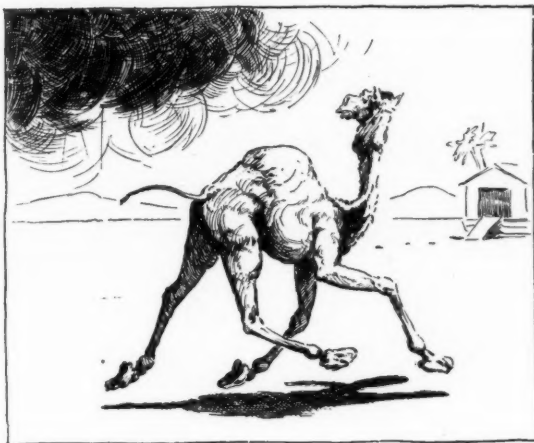
HOW THE CAMEL GOT A HUMP ON HIMSELF.



The rain looked near, the sky grew dark,
And all the beasts made for the Ark,



Except the camel. He just stood
And smiled and said, "Bring on your flood!"



And he ambled on, as you'll remark,
At a careless jog toward the Ark.



But when light'ning flashed and thunder crashed and the downpour came amain—
Clumpetty! Clump! Oh, he got a hump on himself, out of the rain!

"WE ALL KNOW HIM."

LISTEN AND you will hear him say,
About a dozen times a day,
When things refuse to go his way:
"That's just my luck!"

He mingles with the market's throng
And plunges into stocks headlong;
Excusing all his guesses wrong
With, "just my luck!"

From large events of loss and gain
To failures just to catch the train,
The sole consoler of his pain
Is, "just my luck!"

Fools now and then are right by chance,
And when luck seems his way to glance
And all his pleasures to enhance,
Beaming, with self-complacency,
"I think I planned that well!" says he.
"Ah, me! what fools these mortals be!"

Mary Willard.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

STRAWBER.—Have you ever thought
how remarkably well the Prince of
Wales is?

SINGERLY.—If I had the power to
get into debt the way he can, I should n't
feel as if I could afford to be sick an hour.

NAPOLEONIC, ANYHOW.

ONE.—Stickers has been telling us of mar-
velous sums he has made on Wall Street. Is
he a Napoleon of finance?

TWO.—Well, hardly;—more of a Napoleon
of narration!

**UNLIKE SOME mortals, the average bull-dog
chews more than he can bite off.**



POSTPONED.

DASHAWAY (at the ball).—I saw her in the reception room
with you. How is it, old chap, did she accept you?

STUFFER.—I don't know. Just as I asked her, supper was
announced.

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SEND FOR PRICE LIST.
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OLDEST WINE GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA.
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BRANCH, 1496 THIRD AVE, NEW YORK.

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CINCINNATI, O.
Popular Cocktails
WHISKEY MANHATTAN MARTINI VERMOUTH BRANDY GIN TOM GIN CHAMPAGNE
Perfection in Combination,
Quality, Purity and Brill-
lancy.
For sale by all Leading
Jobbers and Retailers.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.
TOP SNAP, Extension Rib DOUBLE Breech \$7.50 Leader
BUY-CYCLES
Pumps, Sporting Goods, Fishing
Tackle, cheaper than elsewhere.
Send for 60-page catalogue.
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.,
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

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Merita
TRADE MARK
SOLD BY FURNISHERS
25c
FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S O H M E R.

HOW TO MAKE

WOMEN



BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty, owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement of the results of the use of this medicine. In stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.
L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief **ASTHMA.** Price 25 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

VIN MARIANI AND THE DISPENSARY LAW.
The Dispensary law in South Carolina has of late been so rigidly enforced that many druggists were afraid to sell even medicinal preparations containing wine as one of the constituent parts. This seriously interfered with the sales of the well-known tonic Vin Mariani throughout South Carolina, and the proprietors of that famous specialty made vigorous representations to the Governor on the subject. As a result of these representations Vin Mariani has been specially exempted from the workings of the Dispensary law, as is shown by the following letter received by Messrs. Mariani & Co. from Gov. Evans:

(Copy.)

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF STATE BOARD OF CONTROL,
COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 5, 1895.

MARIANI & CO., 22 West Fifteenth Street, New York:

DEAR SIRS—In reply to your favor of 30th ult., Gov. Evans directs me to say that you have his permission to sell the Vin Mariani, and he will exempt it from seizure in the State when not sold as a beverage.

Respectfully,
W. W. HARRIS, Clerk S B C

From Maker to Wearer.

The Regal Shoe.



Our Gem style, light and heavy soles, medium toe, Black Calf, Patent and Enamel Calf, (as cut.) Patent Calf in Button and Lace.

\$3.50


One Price.
One Quality.
100 Styles

Send stamp for Catalogue. p L.C. Bliss & Co.

STORES: 109 Summer St., Boston; 115 and 117 Nassau St., New York; 1347 Broadway, New York; 291 Broadway, New York; 357 Fulton St., Brooklyn; 1305 F St., N.W., Washington; 69 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.; 78 Dorchester St., Providence; 219 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore; 119 North Main St., Brockton.

Factory, Brockton, Mass.

H. E. CURTIS & SONS
Inanda
TRADE MARK



SOLD BY
FURNISHERS
40¢
FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

Rollicking Childhood.



It is surely your dearest wish to see your children strong and happy with sparkling eyes and lively, sturdy limbs.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK

is the ideal tonic for growing children. They will like the taste of it and it will nourish and invigorate them. Especially helpful to nursing mothers.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers.'

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N., St. Louis, U. S. A.
Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n. the disputed Highest Score of award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

Aids Digestion.
Established 1869.

Improves the Appetite.
Capital \$1,000,000.00.

Clears the Throat.
Patented 1871.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

CHEWING GUM.

Save the coupons in each Five-cent package. Adams & Sons are the originators of the now world-famed Chewing Gums. ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILL. TORONTO, ONT. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LONDON, ENG.



BUT THEY AIN'T.

Dolly's been to cooking school,
Her friends all say "How sweet!
The cakes she makes the pies she bakes
Look good enough to eat."

A USELESS EXHORTATION.
SPUDS (to KILDUFF).—Come early and avoid the rush.
HUNKER.—It's no use to tell Kilduff that.
"Why not?"
"He's a foot-ball player."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN AUTHORITY.
HUNGERFORD.—Do you believe, Doctor, that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days?
DR. POWELL.—I know that it does. I tried to stop once, and the days were about ninety hours long.—*Truth.*

Harmless and effective is Bromo-Seltzer.

The cure for Headache and Disordered Stomach.

Latest,
Best,
Quick,
Strong,
Wears
Long,
Writes
Well,
Never
Fails,
Simply
Made,

The
New Model

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Therefore
Leads.

The
New Model

Remington

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Send for
New Illustrated Catalogue.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
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What we drink is
of greater importance
than what we eat.

Evans' Ale

and

Brown Stout

are unequalled in nutritive and tonic qualities; once tried they endorse themselves.

The best tonic to build up the system without the aid of drugs.

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**FINEST RYE WHISKEY
IN AMERICA.**

Full Quarts, \$1.50
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Sold by all First-class Cafes, Grocers and Druggists.

Send 10c. and a 2 oz. sample will be sent expressage prepaid.

MOLES, WARTS superfluous hair, wens, cysts, tattoo marks, permanently removed by JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d Street, New York.

What difference between Napoleon the Great and the

"BENEDICT" BUTTON?

Napoleon conquered people, but could not hold them subjugated; the "Benedict" conquers people, and not only holds them, even enlarges the numbers of the subjugated every day.

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Broadway & Cortlandt St., N. Y.
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23 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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Send for Circular.


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All Leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers
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COLLARS & CUFFS

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FLEXIBLE FOLD PATENT.

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It's New *Corliss*
THE
GOTHAM
MADE BY
CORLISS.
COON & Co.
Troy, N. Y.
25¢


PARADOX. — Spoiled children are almost always fresh. — *West Union Gazette.*

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At Greatly Reduced Prices

In New-York City at our own stores only:
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Instruments Drums, Uniforms, Equip-
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QUICKLY CURES
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Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
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For Removing Stains, Oil, Pitch,
Grease, Dirt, Paint, and Spots
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Goods, etc., without injury.

When brought in contact with
Grease converts it into a Soap,
which, being sponged out, leaves
the goods like new. It never
leaves a ring on clothing after re-
moving spots like Benzine, Alco-
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splendid for Cleaning Kid
Gloves, it cleans them on the
hand without taking them off,
and leaves them Soft, Dry, and
Pliable.

IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM.
Sample box sent postpaid on re-
ceipt of 10 cts. Large size, 25
cts. For sale by all druggists.

PARRET & CO., 130 Pearl Street,
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Beware of Counterfeits. None other Genuine.

It is the man who does n't know enough to
go in when it rains that gets taken in. — *Yonkers
Statesman.*



COMPLIMENTARY.

EDNA. — I'm going to put on your
Knox Hat, I want to see what "the
new woman" looks like.

ARTHUR. — It won't make you look
like the new woman.

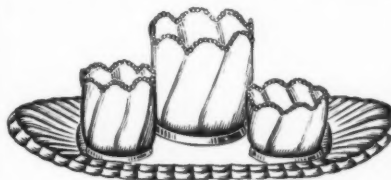
EDNA. — Why not? It has made you
look like a new man.

RIDLEY'S

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Highest grade Silver Plate in
hollow and flat ware.

Our display is rich in novelties, and contains
the newest and finest designs of the best makers.



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For the New York Day at the Cotton States
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New York and Brooklyn to Atlanta, Ga., and
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RHINE * VIOLETS
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THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES
If you want a real Violet
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"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"
It is not a combination of
other scents, but is abso-
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Cut this advertisement
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**\$1.99,
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Boys' fancy and plain Junior
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Chinchilla
Reefers, **\$2.95,
\$3.95, \$4.95.**
Men's Smoking Jackets,
handsomely trimmed and
finished,
\$5.95, \$6.95, \$7.95.

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Beautiful Sets of Celluloid, Manicure Cases,
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The only correct form
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The only Bicycle Lantern
that does what you want it to do. Use it once you
will use it always. Burns unmixed kerosene ten
hours. Insist on having the "Search Light";
if your dealer can't supply you, we will prepay de-
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Bridgeport Brass Co., Bridgeport, Conn.,
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(MARIANI WINE)
THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

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Emma Calvé.

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Would you wear underwear of comfort, and with it have all the health-giving and keeping qualities of hygienic under dressing—then Jaros Hygienic Underwear is your under dressing. Illustrated Book of Underdress Mailed Free.

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It does n't cost more than the price of two or three ice creams to be a hero to a girl.—*Atchison Globe.*

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED
by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cautions. Have helped more to good HEAR than all other devices combined. Whispers HEAR. Help ears as glasses to eyes. F. Hiseox, 858 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE



PATERNAL CONSIDERATION.

FELLOW MUSICIAN (dropping in on his way to the theatre).—Vat ails your husband, Mrs. Tootlespeck? Was he crazy?

MRS. TOOTLESPECK.—No—he always bractices like dot, already, ven I vas putting der shildren to shleep!

Dr. Siegart's Angostura Bitters, a pure vegetable tonic, makes health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.

Natural domestic Champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

THERE is a difference between a cold and the grip; but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.—*Truth.*

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency"—World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

"Puck's Painting-Book" for Children, 50c.

UNINTERRUPTED.

'T is now the hunter sallies forth,
His cherished joys to claim;
For in November he may go
In quest of lawful game.

Of all the creatures on this earth,
No happier one is found—
Except, perchance, the trolley car,
Which kills the whole year round.
Washington Star.

ONE CONSOLATION.

JINKS.—So poor Puffem was killed in that railroad accident. He was in the smoker, I believe.

BINKS.—Yes; that's one consolation we have. He forgot to take any cigars with him, and if he was smoking one bought of the train boy, death must have been a relief to him. — *New York Weekly.*

No menu is complete without Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne. If not on ask for it.

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars
EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

DISFIGURING HUMOURS



Prevented by
Cuticura SOAP
when all
Else
Fails

CUTICURA SOAP purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, and hair by restoring to healthy activity the CLOGGED, INFLAMED, IRRITATED, SLUGGISH, or OVERWORKED PORES.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. New-
LEY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER
DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

From Now Until Spring
Overcoats and Winter wraps will be in fashion. They can be discarded, temporarily, while traveling in the steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For solid comfort, for speed and for safety, no other line can compare with this great railway of the West.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c. and 25c. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

self-help

You are weak, "run-down," health is frail, strength gone. Doctors call your case anæmia—there is a fat-famine in your blood. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is the best food-means of getting your strength back—your doctor will tell you that.

He knows also that when the digestion is weak it is better to break up cod-liver oil out of the body than to burden your tired digestion with it. Scott's Emulsion does that.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York. 50c. and \$1.00

Crow Lovely Moustache
Lately of the "Hairy" kind. You can grow a "Hairy" Moustache. "Anybody" can. It has no equal. Sold by Druggists. We will send you a sample ready to use for 25 cents. Write for it. Every order sent us this month, if you tell us what paper this is, we will send you a Silver Hair Grower Co. Patent, Ill.

DON'T PAY A CENT UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Our latest imported stone puzzles diamond experts. You cannot detect from the genuine. To introduce this new stone we will send for 30 days this ring or stud by express C. O. D. for \$1.65. You examine, if not equal in appearance to a \$40 ring don't take it. If satisfactory pay the agent \$1.65. Order quick. Send me sure Cash With Order Saves All Charges. Catalogue Free.
NATIONAL JEWELLING CO., 55 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. Dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

Pears'

Pears' soap is extremely pleasant to use, because it has no fat or alkali in it; nothing but soap.

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THAT
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
IS PERFECTION
SEND 10¢ FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE
PRICES
1 lb 1.30, 1/4 lb 40¢
POSTAGE PAID
CATALOGUE FREE
SURBURG, 139 FULTON ST., N.Y.



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Importer and Maker of

RICH FURS

24 East 23d St., Madison Square, South,

MAKER OF

Persian, Mink, Sealskin, and
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THEATRE AND CARRIAGE WRAPS, CLOTH DRIVING-
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A rich variety of exclusive things in
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Garments remade to present style
of Fashion.


WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

Skins and Trimmings for Tailors
and Makers of Robes et Manteaux

A MAN'S sins will not find him out as soon as
his wife.—*Atchison Globe*.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Want-
ed." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway,
New York.

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A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT
OF **MALT & HOPS**
RECOMMENDED BY ALL LEADING
PHYSICIANS
IT CONTAINS
A GREATER AMOUNT OF NUTRITIOUS MATTER, THAN
ANY OTHER LIQUID MALT EXTRACT IN THE MAR-
KET. FOR CONVALESCENTS NURSING MOTHERS
SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA AND DYSPEPSIA—
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER MALT EXTRACT ON
ACCOUNT OF ITS PURITY AND UNEXCELLED
AS A PLEASANT APPETIZER INVIGORANT AND A
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AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS
PREPARED BY
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DOES ANYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC— The Pocket Kodak.

Pocket Kodak, loaded for 12 pictures, 1 1/2 x 3 in. \$5.00
Developing and Printing Outfit, 1.50

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Sample photo and booklet
for two 2-cent stamps

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"How does Briggs look in his new
checked suit?"

"Plaid out."—*Detroit Free Press*.

To prevent any disorders of the stomach, or as an
appetizer, use BOKER'S BITTERS.



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HAD HAD PRACTICE.

FIRST GUEST.—It's wonderful, the strength of that water:—he pulls the toughest corks without any trouble.
SECOND GUEST.—Yes;—he used to be a dentist in his younger days.

BOKER'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an
appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.

"YOU SEE THEM EVERYWHERE."

Those "Columbia" wheels. The Pope Manu-
facturing Company, with characteristic enter-
prise, have determined that Bicycle riders shall
have something to remind them of their favorite
mount, when not engaged in the exhilarating
pastime, and have gotten up a neat little sou-
venir in the form of a Scarf Pin, representing
the well-known "Columbia" name plate, which
every "Columbia" rider will want.

The Pope people never forget the ladies.
Their latest pamphlet, "Bicycling for Women,"
by Ida Trafford Bell, is a perfect little gem.
Its chapter on Learning to Ride, Adjustment of
the Machine, Utility of the Bicycle, and Dress in
Bicycling, could hardly be improved upon,
and every wheelwoman fortunate enough to
secure one, will be an envied mortal among her
less favored companions.

Copies of the pamphlet, which is for every-
body, and the souvenir Scarf Pin, which, as a
matter of course, is for "Columbia" riders only,
may be had by addressing the Pope Manu-
facturing Co., Hartford, Conn., or the enthusiasts
of the metropolis may get them from Mr.
Elliott Mason, the popular manager of the New
York Office, No. 12 Warren Street.

It is a wise politician
who says "Good
buy" to a convention.
—*Cleve. Plain Dealer*.

If putting on a plug
hat could add a cubit
to the stature, the
world would be full of
giants.—*Ram's Horn*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes
the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind
colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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Children's Coats and Jackets,
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Silk Waists and Skirts,
Ladies' Wrappers, Tea Gowns,
Ladies' Paris Underwear,
Corsets.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

BAD seems more
contagious than good.
—*West Union Gazette*.

WHY is it that the
girl next door, who
warbles "I can not
sing the old songs,"
invariably does?—
Yonkers Statesman.

BRUCE'S BEEF CAPSULES

WHAT ARE THEY?

They are the finest French Gelatine Capsules,
filled with Armour's Extract of Beef (which
means absolute purity); sufficiently flavored to
suit the average taste, and are prepared with the
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WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

You drop one in a teacupful (5 ounces) of
boiling water, stir thoroughly; it will quickly dis-
solve, and you then have a delicious and whole-
some drink of **BEEF TEA**.

Large boxes, (holding 12 Capsules) 50 cents each.
Small " " " " 25

ALL DRUGGISTS.

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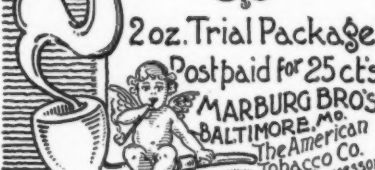
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New scientific invention, different
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It cannot be equalled
The choicest of all
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has been the standard for forty years and
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is the ideal complexion powder—beautifying,
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A delicate, invisible protection to the face.

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THE REVIVAL AT LYNCHVILLE.

IN TH' little town uv Lynchville, near a Rocky Mountain "gap,"
Which is not enough importance t' be pictured on a map,
There arrived upon a Summer day—th' year I don't recall—
A preacher uv th' gospel, who would save th' souls uv all;
But th' boys had inclinations which wuz bent another way,
So we kindly notified 'im thet he had n't better stay.

But it wuz n't no use talkin'; he wuz bound ter do his job,
Ef he had t' do it fightin' single-handed 'gainst th' mob.
So upon th' comin' Sunday he had pitched his gospel tent;
'Nd had all his invitations t' th' wayward sinners sent.
'Nd they all responded promptly—but 't wuz not with pious views—
Fer their belts wuz full uv shooters, 'nd their stomachs full uv booze.

Wa-a-l, upon th' time arrivin' fer th' meetin' t' begin,
Thet there tent wuz full uv miners, gamblers, shooters, smoke an' gin,
'Nd there wuz n't many sinners in th' audience thet day
'Cept had come ter emphasize th' fact—"he had n't better stay."
But he mounted on th' platform, 'nd he opened up a grip,
'Nd he jammed a "Smith an' Wesson" in each pocket uv his hip.

Then each feller poked his neighbor in th' ribs with all his might,
'Nd th' smiles ez lit their features, they wuz smiles uv pure delight.
Fer uv all th' entertainments in th' Wild an' Woolly West
There wuz none like pluggin' full uv lead some overbearin' guest.
Then th' parson took some parcels very gently from th' grip,
'Nd 't wuz noted thet he handled 'em with care they should n't slip.

Wa-a-l, he placed 'em on th' table; 'nd he cleared his throat a mite.
Then he said, said he: "My Christian friends, this here is dynamite;
'Nd I've got a double mission in yer bloomin' little town,
Ez I'm hired by th' railroad folks ter rip th' mountain down.
Or, t' make it somewhat plainer t' th' unbelievin' chap,—
I'm here t' preach th' gospel an' t' widen up th' "Gap."

"Ef there's any in th' audience ez wants it done ter-day,
You kin pull yer guns, my Christian friends, an' simply blaze away.
But, should you kinder reckon thet ter-morrow 'll do ez well,
You kin keep yer shooters in yer straps, 'nd hark t' what I tell."

'Nd there wuz n't no one pokin' at his neighbor's ribs th' while,
'Nd there wuz n't many features lit by thet delightful smile;
But th' parson preached his sermon, 'nd he preached again at night;
'Nd converted half uv Lynchville with them bags uv dynamite.

F. J. Eaton.





BIG DISH BUT MIGHTY LITTLE TURKEY.